The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XXXIII *November* 15, 1940 NUMBER 4

THE WEEK 91
INTERNATIONAL LAW AND ORDER *Charles G. Fenwick* 94
REDS IN THE GUILD *Frank Rahill* 96
POST OFFICE ASSIST *Toms Hauser* 99
VIEWS AND REVIEWS *Michael Williams* 101
THE STAGE *Grenville Vernon* 103
THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 104
BOOKS OF THE WEEK 104
Father and Son—"I Built a Temple for Peace"—Count Ten—Dutch Interior—The Medieval Papacy in Action—The President Makers—Today and Destiny—Whither Europe—Briefers
THE INNER FORUM *H. A. Reinhold* 109

THE COMMONWEAL is indexed in the *Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index* and *Catholic Bookman.*

Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York. Annual Subscription: U. S. and Canada, $5.00; Foreign, $6.00.

Editors: PHILIP BURNHAM, EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.; HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor;* MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor;* C. G. PAULDING, *Associate Editor;* JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager.*

Victory for the President

ONCE AGAIN President Roosevelt has won an overwhelming electoral college victory and a very substantial popular majority. The federal executive power has been committed to a man and group and party solidly, and it was given by the people as an accolade for past accomplishments and as an expression of faith in the purposes and ability of the President. The administration possesses the cumulative freedom to follow its own line that three great victories, and continued control of state power during a period of rapid reorganization and expansion, and a long, creeping paralysis of the opposition furnish. There is now no doubt whatsoever about the will of the majority wanting to keep President Roosevelt and the New Dealers "in power." The President has indeed gained a unique position.

The campaign did not develop clear indications of what specific ideas and opinions governed the will of the majority. Few issues were drawn sharply. By the nature of the case, opinion on the man and the third term was determined—but besides that, what? The Democrats have the power to assert a "mandate" on issues and policy, but that would be a misinterpretation of the elections. The Republicans have no right to sabotage the working of the accomplished New Deal on the claim that it has not really had the confidence and support of the country. The United States has a remarkable and strong President, thrice confirmed by his fellows, but there is still unlimited work to be done on a policy. Citizens who voted in every direction still have the right and duty to interest themselves responsibly in the democratic formulation and unfolding of American policy and practical action. The president is elected by those who vote against him as well as by those who vote for him. Citizens who are not treasonable support in their political activity the constitutional republic into which our country is organized and by which the president, the Congress and courts exist. The authority of the government ought to rely on the sincere support of those whose choice in an election is overruled as well as upon those whose will prevails. The opposition does not vote itself out of the state when it votes in a minority. The opposition has the duty of contributing all it can to the common good, and the government has the duty of protecting and helping each electoral opponent in equal degree as each supporter.

It was a bitter and dirty campaign and the country must deliberately pull itself together. James A. Farley spoke extremely well when he looked at the facts and called for unity:

> While many things are said and done in political campaigns which are later regretted, I am sorry that an excessive note of bitterness and harshness has crept into the campaign just closed. . . . I am hopeful that the scars of this campaign will heal quickly and leave no soreness. . . . In making this statement I am not pointing my remarks at any political party or any group in the country. . . .
>
> I ask the victors to be moderate and considerate of others in their joy of victory. I ask the losers in the traditional spirit of fair play to overcome their disappointment and to pitch in like the loyal citizens they are for the common good.

On the one hand, those who were richer and more powerful and more privileged before the depression and New Deal must place social justice before the mirage of a regained, boom-time "normalcy"; and on the other, those who now rightly wield the power of the present state by the trust of the majority must refrain from bearing down unjustly on their opponents. The opposition to totalitarianism must certainly include a policy of preventing the creation here of any form of overbearing one-party government. There is enough good work to be done to occupy all the loyal and creative energies of Americans.

Out of the Headlines but Important

BETWEEN campaign speeches and the war the papers have had little space in recent weeks for many important developments. The rise in the national business index and curtailment of relief rolls due to the defense drive have been mentioned outside of campaign speeches. Farm income is approaching the 1937 level of over $9,000,000,000 and farmers are told

Life Goes On

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that in 1941 exports will be further cut, although domestic demand for farm products should be somewhat better. The national housing program continues its gradual way, but homes are much needed for workers in many new arms plants, for officers and men in all sorts of bases and training camps. The pace of rural electrification is apparently keeping up. "Power and the Land," a 35 mm. film showing how electric consumers cooperatives have made farms livable for 700,000 families in the past five years, is being shown under the auspices of the Rural Electrification Administration in 5,000 American theatres. Reports at the twelfth biennial congress of the Cooperative League of the USA indicated steps forward in a number of important fields. A National Cooperative Finance Association is to be set up to give the consumers' cooperative movement greater control of its own finances; 18 regional branches are expected to establish their own regional banking facilities. The first cooperative oil well in the world is now in operation near Plainville Kansas, and there is a pipe line connecting the well with the cooperative refinery in Phillipsburg, Kansas. Since the last Coop congress other plants have been established to produce coop fertilizer, flour, feed and to process a brand of coffee. Distribution of farm supplies continues to be the largest field for consumers cooperation throughout the country. The American Committee for Chinese Industrial Cooperatives is out to raise $200,000 for training in cooperative production. The Chinese people have already organized over 2,000 industrial cooperatives producing over $500,000 worth (US$) of tools and clothing per month. Cultural cooperation with Latin-America is proceeding and the Reverend Edwin Ryan of the Institute of Ibero-American Studies at the Catholic University, just returned from Latin America, is promoting a seven-point cultural program. One of the most interesting developments in New York was the dedication by Archbishop Spellman of a new chapel in Bellevue Hospital on the same floor and the same corridor as a Protestant and a Jewish chapel. Items such as these merit public attention along with national defense.

A New Phase of the War

THIS WEEK there is a significant hardening in the British attitude toward the Vichy Government. Lord Halifax reminds the French that "we have repeatedly rejected suggestions from the enemy for agreement at the expense of France," and his saying this suggests that the need for such loyalty is at an end. Mr. Churchill speaks bitterly of the Vichy Government's "sincere and loyal collaboration with Herr Hitler in his scheme for establishing a so-called new order in Europe." The importance of these statements greatly transcends the relationship between the two countries. The war is passing into a new and fundamentally different stage.

Britain Stands Alone

It is difficult to remember now that there was a time when people talked about Belgium, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Roumania—and before that, of Austria—and saw in these and other independent governments the elements which formed intricate and changing systems of alliances for the balance of power and, later, for the conflict of force. In those days there was also a country called France. In those days commentators tried to show in what way this or that country could be expected to favor or oppose the Axis plan for continental domination. There is now no material for such speculation. By degrees the pattern of the conflict has been simplified. Save for an anachronistic Greece, a remote Portugal, a tolerated Switzerland, the European continent is, in fact, one and subdued. The Axis is fighting the British Empire: the war is between a continent, on which the only remaining imponderable is Russia, and that Empire. In this sense the war is no longer an European war. It is a world war in which appear again imponderables, the United States, Japan. For this reason the solution of the war no longer depends on a continental European battlefield nor can the aim of the war be expressed any longer in terms of engagements contracted with nations now acquiescent to the Axis order. The new fact in the war is that Great Britain is liberated from her continental engagements.

Stalin's New Place in America

SINCE the war broke out in Europe, the US has furnished the strongest—and the only strong—division of the Communist International. Lately it has been getting weaker very fast here too. The American CP, unquestionably following the foreign policy of the Soviet Union, has turned sour on the New Deal and the President, and very sour indeed on intervention in the war. For the world to see, this is confirmation of the Axis position of Russia which wishful thinking continues to have so much difficulty in grasping as a fact. Americans could find in the CP switch many themes for domestic musing also. It is going to be a long, intricate job to unravel the thread of Stalinism in American life and identify it with so strong a scent and color that the sloppier of fellow travelers will know what they are tied to. There are still vigorous "Party" men and sympathizers in the government, in spite of the purge started recently. In contradictory manner, Mayor La Guardia positively supported one of them, Marcantonio, for Congress (he won

The CP in Trouble

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the seat) at the same time the Mayor was campaigning all out for the President and the New Deal foreign policy with unlimited armament directed threateningly against the Axis and its big fellow traveler. The most important stir will come in the labor unions, now that Lewis has made his last move and the Stalinists have exposed themselves to support him. The trial the CIO must go through will be a hard one, and that means the whole labor movement is entering a period of serious unsettlement. Stalinism is not something that can be played with, or can play with you, as safely as good people thought during our own popular front period. How and why you cry for peace and social justice makes a great difference indeed in the peace and justice you have a chance to get.

The Spanish Executions

Companys and Civilization

WE SUPPOSE that everyone has read that Luis Companys, Loyalist Catalonian leader, has been brought back to Spain, from a France which no longer could afford him refuge, and executed. And in the newspapers along with his name were the names of five other men listed as condemned to death. Zugazagoitia, Basque deputy and Minister of the Interior in the last Republican Government, was among them. Neither we nor perhaps our readers know very much about these men, but we know one thing and that is that the Franco Government won the Civil War two years ago. Two years ago and the executions continue.

It is reported that the leaders of all parties in Argentina joined in an appeal for clemency. Chile's Congress appealed to the population at large for protest to Madrid. We have only this to say. The blood baths of political executions in Russia and in Germany horrified the world. Has the world now reached the point where such executions are to be considered normal? Why are these men threatened with execution in Spain? Is it because of their action during the Civil War? Is it because they oppose or might still breathe a word of opposition to the Axis domination of Spain? Himmler recently visited Spain and it was Himmler who returned these men to Spain from France. We do not know. We know that if we in America accept without protest these executions in Spain we must accept political executions wherever a government considers them desirable, in France and in Italy as well as in Germany and Russia, and in our country too should the stress of passions ever demand them. For this reason we ask our readers to express their disapproval of these crimes as we express our sadness and horror before them—in order that some standards for civilization be preserved.

Seven Keys to Addle Pate

Strange Cargo

THE *Catholic Digest* often reprints articles from THE COMMONWEAL, and that fact guarantees that any criticism we may make of the *Digest* is made from a sense of obligation rather than from any unfriendliness. And, despite our friendship, we do feel obliged to enter a strong objection against the leading article in the current issue. (We expect criticism, too, when our friends disagree with editorials and articles in THE COMMONWEAL.) This article is "The Seven Against Man"; its author, George Sylvester Viereck. The article itself is bad enough. Mr. Viereck picks seven men—Galileo, Luther, Rousseau, Darwin, Marx, Freud, Einstein—who have "inflicted on the human mind wounds that may well be mortal." All these men had genius; against all of them sharp criticism should be directed—more against some than against others; certainly none of them was an unmixed influence for good. But Mr. Viereck's line of attack is vitiated by obscurantism and by other aberrations truly surprising to find sponsored in a Catholic paper. He says that the world "will never be ready psychologically" for Galileo's theory, in which "he was, unfortunately, right." In other words, the truth is secondary, and is only for the élite. So also the Church's authority, opposed by Luther, is approved on the ground that "Better an unjust or an irrational law, than no law at all." Which is scarcely a compliment to the Church's insistence upon the objective truth of its opposition to Luther. Truth and justice in themselves, then, are nothing worth, are secondary to expediency. "Most measures that truly improve the lot of the lowly are forced upon them from above. . . . Freud killed love. . . . Then came Einstein and all became 'relative.' . . . The quantum theory challenged the law of causality. . . . In his trail [the intellectual's] follow victims of Gutenberg, half-educated hordes who cannot digest with their brains what they read with their lips." The general moral of the piece is that man's only happiness can lie in an ordered ignorance, wherein man, considering himself the center of all things, revels in "spiritual certainty (no matter how achieved)" [the parenthetic matter is Mr. Viereck's, not ours]. But this, our author grants, is impossible, and so we have Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin. It is bad enough to see such matter in the leading article in *any* paper; what is worse, and even harder to understand, is that the author of all this is a man who in the last war, and thereafter, edited what was frankly a German propaganda magazine and in this war acts as a major American cog in Herr Goebbels's machine for indoctrination. The least the *Digest* might have done would have been to let its readers know exactly who Mr. Viereck is.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

International Law and Order

Can we reduce principles to a practical program?

By **Charles G. Fenwick**

ALL OF US dislike to put ourselves through the severe mental discipline of thinking constructively in matters of moral conduct. It is far easier to adopt the rôle of the critic, and to limit our intellectual efforts to showing that *what others propose is wrong, even if we ourselves* have no alternative proposal of our own. If pressed too hard to offer a solution for a moral problem that does not touch our immediate interest, we are then tempted to escape from the obligation of reaching a conclusion by persuading ourselves that after all the problem is not primarily ours to solve, and maybe the situation will not arise anyway. Such has been our attitude for the past ten years towards the great problem of maintaining law and order in the world: We have found it the line of least resistance to say that it was Europe's problem, or Asia's problem, not ours, and that the danger of a breakdown of law and order was being greatly exaggerated anyway.

Thus it is that Bishop Lucey's article in a recent number of THE COMMONWEAL comes as a challenge to those of us who have thus far shirked the moral obligation of helping to guide the foreign policy of our country in the great crisis through which the world has been passing. In his examination of the Papal peace program, Bishop Lucey set forth the conclusions that must be drawn from the Christian conception of a world community. Moral obligations hold not only between man and man, but between nation and nation. The isolationist attitude so prevalent a few years ago, of dismissing the danger of war in Europe as not raising any moral issue for American Catholics, is strongly condemned. The pretense that it is impossible to distinguish between right and wrong in the conduct of nations, and that in consequence we may properly treat both sides alike, is, he says, "a public denial of the moral order of the world." Neutrality as a general principle of conduct is thus sharply attacked; while as a policy of expediency it is explained as being the result of the failure of the nations to establish adequate international institutions to make effective the organic unity of international life. The indictment is severe, but the record of the past ten years forces the admission that it is well deserved.

How shall we meet Bishop Lucey's challenge? How shall we reduce the Papal peace program he sets forth to working rules of foreign policy? It is clear that the task is all but impossible under existing circumstances. Steps that might have been taken ten years ago in anticipation of the present hostilities seem to lead nowhere since war has broken out and brute force is in command. With the fires of war spreading on all sides many persons will think it futile even to discuss plans for a new world order to be put into effect when the conflagration has finally burnt itself out. Yet the attempt must be made to do so, although the specifications of our plans may have to be changed later on many points. For unless we clarify our minds now as to the principles involved, and work out the main lines of their application, we shall not be ready to take up the problem when the opportune moment arises. Besides, we have the express injunction of the present Pope who, in his Christmas message of last year, urged us to give thought to the basis of a stable peace, regardless of the fact that war was then in progress. Who can say but that the affirmation by Catholics the world over of the kind of peace they are prepared to support in deed as well as in word might not even have some influence in bringing the war sooner to a close?

The key to the problem is that "peace must be organized." By that we mean that nations have the duty of finding practical ways and means to put into effect the principles which the Christian law imposes upon them. Unless we, as citizens of the United States, are prepared to have our country cooperate with other nations in the establishment of standards of international conduct, and in maintaining them once they are established, all our professions of peace and justice are meaningless. The practical form of the organization is of less consequence. It was the judgment of Pope Benedict that we should have begun with the League of Nations and should have sought to make of that institution the agency of justice and charity which it failed to become. With the newly established League definitely in mind, Pope Benedict urged in May, 1920, that all nations "should unite in one league, or rather one family of peoples, with the object of maintaining their mutual independence and safeguarding the order of human society"; adding, moreover, that the Church would not refuse its aid to the new league provided only

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that it "should pursue its activities in a spirit of justice and charity." The proviso was significant and far sighted. The League of Nations failed us for the very reason that its activities did not measure up to the standards of justice and charity which Pope Benedict insisted upon as the condition of the support of the Church. But it is important to remember that throughout the existence of the League, while Catholics in Belgium, France, Holland, Great Britain and other countries were endeavoring to make it a success, while writers like Père Yves de la Brière, S.J., and Père Delos, O.P., were showing the continuity of Christian tradition in the objectives proclaimed by the League, few Catholics in the United States were willing to give the League a trial. To most of them the League was doomed from the start as the tool of Great Britain, and that was all there was to it. Even the fact that the Irish Free State became a member of the League, and De Valera came in time to be President of the Council of the League, failed to break the complex that had been developed. Whether the League would have succeeded even with the cooperation of the United States no one can say. Much would have depended upon the generosity of our own national policies and upon the determination with which we might have asserted our leadership. There were times during the Nineteen Twenties when our outlook upon international relations seemed as selfish and unchristian as the policies of Britain and France which many of our people so eloquently condemned.

The League failed

But the failure of the League of Nations is now water under the bridge, and we are only concerned with the reasons for it in so far as they throw light upon the character of the new and stronger organization that must be created to do what the League could not or at any rate did not do. We see now that the objectives of the League were too limited. In one sense the League failed not because it went too far, as so many of its opponents in the United States said, but because it did not go far enough. Peace is not a static condition; it is not something negative that maintains itself by the mere absence of opposing forces; it is a dynamic condition that calls for constant adjustments in the relations of the members of the international community in the interest of what in a broad sense we call "justice." The mistake of the League was that it concentrated its political activities upon the suppression of violence, upon the maintenance of the *status quo*. That was indeed an essential task; for without the sense of security, without the assurance that existing property rights will be respected until changed by due process of law, there can be no confident approach to the problem of justice. But to stop with the suppression of violence, to stereotype the *status quo* as if possession gave a definitive as well as a temporary claim, that was to meet the conditions of peace only half way. Defective as was the machinery of the League in certain respects there was nothing to prevent it from taking up the changes called for in the interests of justice, had the leading powers of the League been of a mind to do so. It was the tragedy of the League that its delays in bringing about these changes had the effect of creating a determination on the part of a number of states to get justice, as they conceived it, by extra-legal means; with the result that a vicious circle was created in which states which were now prepared to make concessions felt that it was not possible to make them under threat of force.

How is the problem of international justice to be solved in the new international organization that must succeed to the Geneva League? Nothing is more elusive than the demand for "justice." Even in national affairs we find it hard enough to satisfy the conflicting claims of opposing sets of interests. All the more difficult would it seem to be to reconcile them in international relations, because of the heterogeneous character of many of the units which we call "nations," and because of the highly unequal distribution among them of the natural resources of the earth. Yet neither of these conditions presents an insoluble problem. In the year 1926, when Stresemann and Briand shook hands at Geneva and pledged the peace of Europe, no one regarded the existing minority problems as too difficult for friendly adjustment. The boundary between Hungary and Rumania was, indeed, even then an open wound which had been allowed to fester too long; but no one thought that it must necessarily lead to a resort to violence. Since that time the new theories of racial domination and of areas of totalitarian control have, of course, raised problems which would indeed be insuperable obstacles to a just peace if the nations proclaiming them were to be successful in imposing their will upon conquered nations. But barring that outcome of the war there is nothing inherent in the problem of minorities that need deter us from undertaking its solution as part of the objective of international justice.

It is said, however, that the economic issues relating to the problem of international justice are the ones which are beyond hope of settlement. The "haves" and the "have-nots" must be eternally at war. How freely and easily those terms have been used during the past five years, often by those who at the same time were refusing stoutly to permit the United States to cooperate with other nations in keeping the peace! There would be no peace, it was said, until Britain and France divided up with Germany and Italy. Few of those who saw the economic problem in such simple terms realized that the United States was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one, if not the greatest, of the "have" countries; and they doubtless would have been among the first to reject any suggestion that the US begin the process of redistributing national resources.

But fortunately the solution of this problem does not necessitate the redistribution of territory. Some redistribution of colonial holdings might be made, but the object here would be psychological rather than economic. What can be done, what must be done, is the lowering of trade barriers and the opening up of the markets of the world so as to give to the "have-nots" equal access to the raw materials of industry and an equal opportunity to sell in the markets where they must buy. Few Americans realized at the time, and many dislike even now to admit, that the Smoot-Hawley tariff of 1930 did much to increase the "have-not" situation of Italy and to prepare the Italian people to accept the justification given by their dictator for the conquest of Ethiopia. There was oil in abundance in the markets of America to sell; but Italy could not buy it unless her own goods were accepted as payment.

To speak of "charity" in the relations of states is to provoke impatience, almost to the point of derision. Yet in one papal encyclical after another we are reminded that that virtue applies to nations as well as to individuals. In the very year of the passage of the Smoot-Hawley tariff the United States Government was considering dumping some millions of bushels of wheat into the ocean in order to keep it off the market. Later we plowed under cotton to keep it also off the market. Apparently we could not have kept both wheat and cotton "off the market" by giving of our surplus supplies to the needy in some of the "have-not" nations! Economics, it seems, makes the application of Christian principles impracticable. Yet who knows but that an act of international charity might not have had a transforming effect upon national attitudes that were later to be devolped into psychopathic demands for "Lebensraum"?

Once more we come back to Bishop Lucey's challenge, to the challenge, indeed, if that word can be used, of the Papal peace program, of Christian morality itself. New forces have been at work in the world these past ten years or more, new theories of human government, or rather old barbaric creeds presented in new trappings, which reduce themselves in the simplest terms to the right of those to rule who can succeed by force and terrorism in dominating their fellow men. As against the menace of the anarchy and confusion which they threaten to create we must strive with all our energies to restore international law and order. But it must be law and order on a far higher plane than any yet reached; it must be "law," indeed, that will tolerate no violence, but "order" that will be conceived in terms of justice and Christian charity.

Reds in the Guild

A loyal member considers the how and why of communists in Pegler's favorite union.

By **Frank Rahill**

CONSPICUOUS among the trade unions which refused to condemn communism by name in their 1940 national conventions was the American Newspaper Guild. This failure to do what so many frankly leftist unions—not to mention the CIO itself—have not hesitated doing aroused widespread criticism and provoked a ground swell of revolt within the Guild. The first reaction of the rank and file was a call upon the International Executive Board by several locals in different parts of the country for a referendum on the issues. In a few weeks time, when the constitutional formalities are complied with, mail ballots will go out. The vote should be in before winter and the opening round decided in what promises to be a bitter and prolonged fight.

Communism in the Guild is part of a larger problem: control of the union machinery by a group vulnerable on other counts, all of them more legitimate targets from a strictly trade union standpoint than real or supposed affiliation of individual officers with "the Party."

It was to this larger problem that what I may call the official opposition addressed itself at the Memphis convention in July. The forces led by Max Ways, of Philadelphia, and I. L. Kenen, of Cleveland, both able Guild veterans, entered the lists with definitely formulated charges against the administration's organizational and financial policies, its "disruptive factionalism," and what was described as the biased and inept editing of the *Guild Reporter,* official union news organ. They asserted that the Guild wasn't making the progress it ought, and laid the blame at the door of the paid functionaries, chiefly Executive Vice President Milton Kaufman and Secretary-Treasurer Victor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pasch, and called for their ousting. All references to communism were scrupulously avoided in the indictment.

The ousting didn't come off. There were several reasons why, one of which was the failure of the Ways-Kenen group to win the confidence of a second minority at the Convention, also committed to work for the defeat of the Kaufman-Pasch-Watson administration. This was a group of twenty-one conservative and anti-communist delegates pledged to the leadership of Bob Buck, of Washington, an old-timer in Guild politics, who had opposed affiliation with the CIO and who has been accused (which he denies) of having opposed the "broadening of the base" to include the commercial departments, authorized at the St. Louis convention of 1937—a record not particularly calculated to win confidence either.

After fumbling attempts at liaison between the two caucuses, throughout which the various groups represented never fully understood one another, an open break came on the floor in a debate and vote on a national defense resolution. The resolution itself, which pledged loyalty to the nation and to our national ideals, was written by Joe Walsh, chairman of a delegation from an unimpeachably American local in the Pennsylvania hard coal region of Wilkes-Barre, which has fought two strikes and has no love for communists. Its condemnation of subversive forces wasn't sufficiently explicit to satisfy the Buck people, who offered the following amendment by way of a minority report of the Resolutions Committee.

> RESOLVED: that Communism, Nazism and Fascism are not in any sense indicative of the beliefs of the American Newspaper Guild and that this organization will not tolerate any attempt by these subversive elements to make or control the policies of this organization.

This will probably be the form in which the motion to reverse the Convention's policy will be presented to the general membership in the referendum.

The Philadelphia delegation, which included no communists (except by publishers' definitions) was aligned solidly against the amendment, as was Wilkes-Barre. The vote to table was 108 to 37. Oddly enough, there were several nays from the leftist New York delegation, the largest single group at the convention, and a tower of strength to the administration, which it is accused of dominating.

Why no condemnation?

The question arises, why did groups, many of them strongly opposed to communism, refuse to lend their support to a specific condemnation of it? I can begin to answer that by turning to a statement issued by Buck to the press after the Convention had adjourned. In it he attacked certain clauses of the Guild's constitution (none of them of recent adoption), one requiring the approval of the International Executive Board for a second reinstatement of a member who has been suspended or expelled, and another requiring not fewer than three persons to participate in any collective bargaining on behalf of the ANG, and calling for the presence at negotiations of observers from the unit involved. These latter provisions, he insisted, constitute a device whereby members of the Communist Party are enabled to check on one another—a piece of reasoning worthy surely of the Dies Committee in its finest witch-hunting fettle. One Guildsman with a taste for research took the trouble to track down the source of this subtly poisonous clause and discovered, as he had suspected, that it had been adopted on the motion of a right-wing Philadelphia Republican!

Opponents of the defense resolution amendment contend that this sort of thing illustrates the consequences to be expected from a hue and cry after communism; the tendency is that ultimately anybody and anything can be labelled "red." While admittedly the phrase "red baiting" is of Party coinage, and made capital of on every possible occasion, at the same time the state of mind it describes can become as detrimental to trade union morale as communism itself—to which, indeed, it often leads.

To the objection that the amendment might do harm is added the objection that it could do no good. A disavowal of "isms" would leave the problem of communistic control exactly where it was. If the present leaders are secretly communistic, they could go right on being communistic and doing what they are accused of doing: following the Party line in the *Guild Reporter* and conniving with allegedly communistic paid organizers in promoting Party strength within the Guild and fomenting disruptive factionalism in locals under conservative leadership.

On the subject of resolutions and their general futility, it is pertinent here to mention that some of the most conservative and constructive forces in American labor today, the groups that have done most to stabilize employer-employee relationships, and maintain industrial peace on the basis of the existing system are precisely those unions which have gone overboard time and again at conventions to pass resolutions breathing the very soul of Marxism—the ILGWU and the Amalgamated.

The oblique strategy of resolutions was adopted by the anti-communist forces at Memphis because of the obvious difficulties facing anything more direct or personal in the way of charges. To begin with, there is a strong tradition in the Guild to refrain from persecution for private political beliefs. Then the question of proof comes up. All the accused have repeatedly and categorically denied that they belong to the Party, and at the conclusion of the convention the newly elected

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

officers issued a joint statement in which they declared that they are "not under influence or control by any outside organization." Further, many Guildsmen, having themselves been denounced as reds for no other reason than good trade unionism, resent the label. This resentment is particularly strong among strikers and ex-strikers, who were numerous and influential at Memphis. Finally, as Buck himself was to point out, as long as publishers hire communists, the Guild cannot bar them either from membership or office.

Even less vulnerable than the administration personnel was the administration program at Memphis. It would be a bold soul indeed who would assert that there was anything communistic about the modest proposals it sponsored. Though Roosevelt is now on the Party's black books, there was no denunciation of him or his administration (such as the New York local was treated to when a bloc hissed and booed the third term in the presence of Mrs. Roosevelt in September). Nor was there so much as a whisper of criticism about conscription, which has been roundly condemned in convention resolutions by the A. F. of L. as well as the CIO and its affiliates, including the UAW —groups which are flatly on record against communism. And certainly, orthodox Party principles can hardly be reconciled with the slating of one practical Catholic for the office of President, Donald L. Sullivan, of Boston, and of another for a seat on the IEB, Agnes Fahy, of Newark, president of the Catholic Trade Unionists of that city.

The essence of the matter is that communism in the Guild cannot successfully be fought by the purely verbal process of resolutions, nor can it be fought on the floor of conventions. If it has obtained a foothold in the Guild, and no honest person can deny that it has, the place to lick it is in the locals. That is where it can be licked . . . and has been more than once during the past year, and on strict trade union lines.

There is no great secret and no particular subtlety to the tactics of communists in trade unions. In the Guild, the only union of which I have first-hand knowledge, it is simply the old familiar technique of boring from within, which dates as a definite policy perhaps from Number 9 of the famous 21 Points adopted at the Second World Congress of the Comintern in 1920. Party people seldom do any of the spade work of founding locals, but work into them after they are set up and functioning and attempt to take over. They are favored in these operations by several factors: the secrecy of individual affiliation, and the missionary fanaticism of the Party and its rigid control over its members, on the one hand; and on the other, by the absence of informed and organized opposition, and the lethargy of the average Guildsman in his union.

In trade unions, as in most organizations whose affairs are administered in large part by the membership, it is the people who do most of the work, and hence get to know most about the union's business, who get elected to office, other things being equal. Now, the run-of-the-mine American newspaperman is not disposed to devote much, if any, of his leisure time to union affairs; average attendance at general membership meetings, held quarterly, is 10 percent under normal conditions. With Party members, however, it is a different story. Zealots in a crusading cult, intoxicated by the prospect of "taking over" at any moment from an effete bourgeois ruling class, they are eager for responsibility and power, and prepared to work day and night to secure it. And their enthusiasm and energy are harnessed by a formidable and intricate system of party organization and discipline. The rank and file are drugged with Marxian dialectic and educated in trade union tactics; likely individuals are singled out and trained for leadership; solidarity is enforced by all sorts of pressures, financial, economic and social. Dissent is punished, and regularity is rewarded by jobs (often government agency and federal project jobs), relief priority, loans, legal assistance and the like.

Faithful Party members

When elections are to be held or other important matters decided, the brotherhood is on hand at full strength to cast their votes as a unit. In the event of a contest they can usually count on being joined by disaffected elements and a certain number of well meaning souls, innocent of any knowledge of esoteric things like Party lines and ignorant of individual Party affiliations, who are swayed by the scrupulously non-communist oratory of the Party fugelmen and impressed by their obvious competence and their apparently pure trade union zeal. I have seen members of my own local to whom the very name of communist is anathema vehemently support a 100 percent communist slate in elections, speak for the candidates, and even nominate some of them.

This combination of circumstances occasionally puts communists in control of locals for varying periods of time. Except in one or two metropolitan locals it is usually a brief and precarious tenure. Party people suffer from the defects of their virtues. Their ardor gets them into office, but it also gets them out, betraying them into indiscretions and worse in the interests of the Party. This is exactly what happened in several locals last year, particularly on the West Coast. The most belligerently anti-communist delegations at the convention were from cities where the Party previously had pretty much of its own way in the Guild and took advantage of it, sometimes with disastrous results, as in Seattle. Anti-Party leaders elected delegates simply by educating the aroused rank

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and file and getting out the vote—taking a leaf from their opponents' book.

Another line

In cities where they have been unable to wrest control from conservative leadership, the communists take a different line: undercover opposition and obstructionism, amounting at times to downright sabotage. I have seen Party members take the floor in unit meetings and rebuke a group of their fellow workers because they asked for improvement in a manifestly sub-standard wage scale; and they were not in the least disconcerted when management conceded the demands in question without argument at the next negotiating meeting. Legitimate grievances are ignored, destructive factionalism is fomented, and where unit officers happen to be communists, organizational work is neglected and even discouraged when it does not promise additional strength for the Party bloc. This sort of thing ultimately brings its own penalty, the people responsible for it losing all influence.

My personal estimate is that rather less than 5 percent of the Guild's membership is communistic, and rather more than 30 percent of its leadership, and by leadership I do not necessarily mean national officers. This is not a serious situation in a union where the membership is torpid but not stupid, generally indifferent but not timid about asserting itself. Communistic leadership in the Guild can never afford to ignore the risk entailed in stepping over the oftentimes thin line which divides dictated Party policy from democratic American trade union policy. I think I know the temper of the rank and file of the Guild; when an issue appears that is worth getting aroused about, they will get aroused. It occurs to me that conscription may be such an issue. It was by-passed at the convention, perhaps slyly by-passed. A month later, prior even to any action by the IEB, the *Guild Reporter* took a belligerently antagonistic stand on the Burke-Wadsworth Bill. They were rebuked for it by Mrs. Roosevelt, but she omitted to make the telling point that the editors and the national officers were acting without authorization from the convention, certainly the body to decide policy upon so important an issue. I believe that a lot of the steam behind the present drive for a show-down on the isms resolution originated in the indignation of Guildsmen over this arbitrary action.

A prediction

The indignation, I venture to predict, will not abate with the adoption or rejection of the intrinsically innocuous motion. I think it will continue to mount and that the pressure from it in the locals will result in an entirely new Guild picture at the Detroit Convention next summer.

Post Office Assist

By TOMS HAUSER

SINCE Peter, although an alien, has a sense of humor, I decided to call him this morning.

"Do you want to grab what will probably be one chance in a lifetime? Do you want to make a finger-print-date with me?"

There is not even a moment's polite hesitation. "No" came the determined answer. Peter claims that the whole thing is much too serious to be made fun of. To this I agree . . . yet he does not trust me.

I make no further attempt for a date and decide to go all by myself.

The choice of post office is not hard. None but the best—I take the biggest and go to the main post office where, after walking into two wrong entrances I finally get to the right one where everything and everybody are ready and eager to help the "aliens." Provided with a green folio covered with questions, I am led to one of the long tables. I sit down with much ambition to do my best.

After looking over the green paper I realize that the writing will take some time and so I make myself at home, unpacking my cigarette case, matches and fountain pen and then, after drawing a deep breath, I look around.

There is a man standing in front of the elevators which swallow those fortunate "aliens" who have already finished writing out their manuscripts and take them (aliens and manuscript) up to the printers. For a brief moment I hesitate as to whether or not the man is an official aide. It is more difficult than it used to be in Europe to size them up here, because in this country they manage to be official without wearing a uniform. The man comes over and with a smile he tells me that he is willing to help me, if I get stuck.

"Thank you so much, Mr. . . . Mr. Harrison."

He is very flattered and denies being Mr. Harrison, the Chief of Registration; but as long as I don't know his name I call him Mr. Harrison just the same—to me he is the boss. I write and write and write and I think I am doing all right. "Mr. Harrison" checks up a couple of times and he also thinks I am doing all right. That helps. After I am all through "Mr. Harrison" reads the whole works. The information thus acquired seems to be pleasing. I live fairly near the office.

"Would there a chance to see you some evening?"

"Well, maybe. We'll talk about that later.

"Do you think I can go fingerprinting now?"

"By all means," says "Mr. Harrison," and so I join the masses in the elevator.

Stepping off the car I am immediately en-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wrapped in a cloud of ether and since I have passed innumerable signs "Smoking strictly prohibited" I wonder if they give you an anesthetic before they "print," or what causes that strong smell. Soon however I find out that it is only the puffs of gauze, saturated with benzine, which are provided for the victims after the printing in order to get their fingers near to clean.

A little square cardboard with a number is pushed into my hand; a chair is offered me behind a rope; I sit for two minutes and then I am called.

An extremely nice young lady takes my green manuscript and retypes everything I have written. I sit and look around and can not see anything exciting. Suddenly the young lady asks me my height. I know perfectly well that I have not filled that space and I thought I could get away with it, because my friend "Mr. Harrison" had not objected to that lapse.

"I can't tell you."

And the young lady is not surprised but suggests we might guess. . . . Games? I object somewhat too violently, at which point she realizes that there is something funny . . . peculiar to this. I explain, before she can land any more questions, that I am willing to give any and every information concerning my person, but I am not willing to let anyone in on the closely kept secret of my height . . . because I'm too short.

The young lady is puzzled and I feel sorry for her. I can't possibly tell her about the agony of being short; how my brothers who are both very tall used to tease me and call me "Shrimpy" when we still used to live together, at least on the same continent. . . . It seems that she is not going to make an issue of it and I am quite relieved. Suddenly, though, she gets up, walks over to some "big shot," whispers to him. He looks at me, smiles, shrugs his shoulders, and the lady comes back, sits down at her typewriter and proceeds.

I am just ready to forget about my so-called height when the smiling gentleman stands in front of me: very tall, very impressive. He stoops down and diplomatically says:

"Look here, Madam, you have to tell your height. There is nothing we could do to spare you this. I promise you that it will be a closely kept secret between you and the young lady who types your answers, not even I will know it . . . ever."

At this point I feel slightly ashamed not only of my height but also of the fuss I am making, and with a spiritual kick in my own pants I heroically say: "A-a-a-all right."

Whereupon he quickly goes away without taking the attitude of the victor. The charming young lady stoops way over her typewriter towards me and I do the same towards her and I whisper the shameful figure. "Thanks," she says and then she adds in perfect charity: "That isn't half bad."

After this we proceed nicely, but the final question causes some thinking. "Whom to notify in case of accident or death." Yes . . . whom? With terrific speed I pass in review all my friends and I really like them all too much to cause them such a nuisance as to be bothered with an alien corpse. So after a short pause I firmly say: "Nobody!" and while the young lady writes the translation of Nobody, which is "Applicant wants nobody to be notified," I feel myself getting very sentimental about my own dead body which Nobody is going to claim.

After this I receive three folios, including my green manuscript, and am taken over by a gentleman who assures me he is going to find "a real nice young man" to print my fingers. He finds him and sits me down to wait until the real nice one is through with "applicant in print."

This gives me time to read the three blanks and I am satisfied with everything except the lonesome death. I inform my printer that I'll be back in just a minute and walk over to the man who has upheld modern chivalry by turning his back on my height. I explain the situation to him and ask him if he thinks the government would invest in a five-cent stamp after they had gone through the trouble of shoveling me into some unknown grave. He thinks it can be done. But why?

"Well, I have a brother in China and I think it would be kind of nice if the government would inform him when he can stop worrying about his sister, because she is dead."

Although the gentleman assures me the government would be glad to, he urges me to think of someone in this country (and it is *not* because of the three-cent stamp). I have a brain storm and write the name and address of a second cousin of mine. She likes me because I never bother her and I hope she'll not feel too angry when I change this attitude after I am dead.

By now my printer is ready for me. He has taken off his coat and while using a dozen paper napkins to wipe his own hands he begs me to wipe the perspiration off mine. I am not at all hot, in fact I am more chilly than anything else, but I do as I am told. After all—and I think of Peter—this is a very serious procedure and was not meant to be fun.

The printer reads my papers (including height) and signs them and so do I. Now at last I know his name and I can talk to him. Mr. Black seems so nervous, I wish I could help him. He inks the glass square again and again, wipes his hands some more, then sighs, and, before he even picks up my first finger in order to print it, he breaks down with a confession: "You are my first lady today."

So that's it! Poor Mr. Black, if I had known

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that I would most certainly not have worn that white nail polish that seems to frighten even those men who do not have to pick up my fingers one by one and press them like hamburgers onto the grille. I try to rid Mr. Black of all the tension and with a big smile I say: "Oh, don't let that bother you! I am of an old finger-print-family."

The result is disastrous because Mr. Black gives me a terrified side glance and a cloud of apprehension darkens his troubled brow. We start the printing and even Mr. Black must admit that we are doing well. We both step back and admire the clean prints and in less than no time we are all through.

"Thank you for your cooperation," says the much relieved gentleman and hands me the benzine which I pour over my filthy fingers. The nail-polish stays put, so does the ink. I stand and wait. Nothing happens.

"You can go now."

"But I want to swear."

"Swear?"

"Yes—that I have said nothing but the truth and so on."

"You have signed; that's enough." And this is so convincing that I leave.

On my way downstairs I bang into "Mr. Harrison."

"All set?"

To my affirmative nod he says: "Did you think it over? I mean, some evening. . . ?"

And quickly I say: "Oh yes . . . some evening . . . I'll be back and call for you!"

And that is not exactly "the truth and nothing but the truth."

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THE *Christian Social Action* magazine for November carries an article by its energetic editor, Mr. L-G. Deverall, which is a shocking example of voluntary pro-nazi papaganda. Yes, papaganda, not propaganda, is what I mean, even though I first typed the word "papaganda" accidentally. But at once I perceived its fitness in this case. For, as the dictionary points out, "pap" is "any soft food for babes"; a secondary meaning, and very appropriate it is in this connection, being "weak mental nourishment." Now there are many forms of nazi propaganda. On them all enormous sums of money are expended. Directed under the general rules of that genius of diabolism, Adolf Hitler—the arch-foe of Christianity in our age—the particular, scientific application of Hitler's rules by the renegade Catholic, Goebbels, covers the whole world with nets and traps and infection points. Nazi propaganda ranges from the most subtle forms of intellectual argument justifying manifold heresies and evil principles down to the crudest examples of the application of Hitler's brazen maxim that one of the best ways to spread a lie is to lie boldly—lie outrageously—lie most loudly—lie with a loud-speaker—lie incessantly, so that simple souls, child-like souls, the souls of great masses of people, will believe the lie because of their sheer inability to comprehend that there can be human beings really capable of inventing such cosmic whoppers.

"Lie boldly" is a nazi application, and perversion, of Luther's paradoxical "Sin boldly." Since all men unescapably are sinners, according to Luther, and can escape the fatal results of sinning only and solely through faith in Christ's redeeming grace, they must not despair when they sin, but instead must believe in redemption even more strongly and boldly than in their peccability as sinners. "*Lie boldly!*" proclaims Hitler, echoed by Hitler's satellites, "but believe even more boldly and strongly that if your lies are intended to make the German race and the German nation, stamped with my image, always in the right, always mightier than all other races and nations, in fact, the incarnation of Divinity on earth, then your lies serve the truth; your lies are blessed lies!" For highly developed intellects, especially those who deny morality, Hitler's highly developed propagandists serve up Hitler's lies most scientifically. All the rarified sophistries of the most advanced exponents of Germaniacal racial and nationalistic and militaristic philosophy are seized upon by his intellectual agents and spread throughout the world. All the technical ability of laborious hordes of Germaniac historians is applied to the concurrent task of spreading throughout the world perversions of all the facts of history and diplomacy in order to justify Germany in its most outrageously aggressive and imperialistic and treacherous performances in the arena of international affairs.

All this is for the high-brows. For others, there are mass superstitions; there are myths for the multitude; such as the anti-Semitic propaganda exhaling its poison gas from the central lie of the faked Protocols of the Elders of Zion: the nightmarish notion of a secret gang of Jews invisibly ruling such stupid nations as Great Britain and the United States and pre-Vichy France through their control over all the banks, all the newspapers and all the radio companies and all the motion picture people and most of all the other agencies of public opinion. And of all the lies, and myths, and perversions of history spread through high-brow propaganda and low-brow pap-aganda (in all of which, of course, there are flavors of facts, and some trifles of truth) the war-guilt lie—which was most assiduously spread by Prussianized Germany long before Hitler hypnotized the German masses—was the one most eagerly and guilelessly swallowed by the general American public. It was the lie that not Prussia-dominated Germany, but Germany's rivals and enemies: Great Britain, Russia and France, were the direct provocators of the first World War. As a corollary of this lie, there was the second lie that the United States was dragged into the World War against a noble and innocent Germany by venal British propaganda.

And this is the double lie now cooked up as a mess of lukewarm and very gritty papaganda by naïve young

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Richard L-G. Deverall. That young and naïve Mr. Deverall should have been one of the immense number of youths inoculated with this infectious falsehood during his formative period is not to be wondered at when it is remembered what a vast net-work of effective propaganda was cast over this country by Germany and Germany's apologists since 1920. But that Mr. Deverall should use such outworn, time-tested, and by all the tests of truth such condemned statements and deceptive half-truths as he employs in a magazine ostensibly devoted to the promulgation of the principles of social justice as taught by the Catholic Church in order to exculpate the Prussianized-Germany of 1914 in such a manner as to serve the evil designs of the Hitlerized-Germany of 1940 is most lamentable. Furthermore, Mr. Deverall directly accuses many of his fellow Catholics, myself the least among them: such conspicuously consistent Catholic teachers and authors and publicists as Monsignor John A. Ryan, Professor Carlton Hayes, Bishop Lucey and many others, of being "hyphenated Americans," whose patriotism is more than suspect, and who should be "rounded up" by the authorities because we are helping J. P. Morgan, the banker, and Julius Ochs Adler, the newspaper magnate, and all the other members of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. It is we, cries Mr. Deverall, and not the "relatively harmless crackpots like the German-American Bund" who are dangerous.

Now if young and naïve Mr. Richard L-G. Deverall were writing all this silly stuff out of his own head, knocking his four balls off his own bat, so to speak, it would be sad enough, especially since his own valiant and sustained work in his own magazine to get a hearing for and to promote the use of the high ideals of Catholic-Christian social justice will be so woefully injured by such shenanigans. But at the end of his cock-eyed article, and bolstering up its utterly unjust and stupid slandering of the motives of so many of his fellow Catholics, we find—as if it were the very foundation-stone of his editorial policy—a quotation from that notorious apostle of American totalitarianism, the philosopher of National Socialism for the United States, Mr. Lawrence Dennis. Concerning this writer's fundamental error as a thinker and writer—which is his absolute acceptance of amoral materialism—I had a few mild words to say in this department last week. And Mr. Lawrence Dennis is the busiest of all the busy venal or voluntary propagandists for Hitler now so infernally busy in our midst. Now why is it—how comes it—that so many American Catholic publicists are doing their anti-British stuff along the same false lines?

A German-American convert to the Catholic Church, formerly a Protestant minister in Iowa, has sent me a copy of a letter written by him to Mr. Deverall, after reading the latter's article, which may suggest an answer to this question. In a note appended to the letter he says that after having been a Catholic for twenty-five years he is "just beginning to see that even among Catholics are different opinions." Indeed there are, and properly so, and may it always be so—provided such differences are not concerned with defined and immutable matters of faith and doctrine. But what this German-American convert cannot understand, as he tells Mr. Deverall, is why so many American Irish Catholic publicists have, as he expresses their attitude, "no sympathy with the Germans in this terrible crisis" in world affairs. "Some time ago," he goes on, "the British were the worst enemies of the Irish; but I thought that was ancient history, and if the British were Machiavellian they also were hypocrites and were trying to cover it up [their Machiavellianism]; in other words, they still had the old-fashioned conception of good and bad. But Germany's worst enemies are the nazis. The nazis live by the opposite conception. Good to them is everything that comes out of strength, and bad is everything which comes out of weakness. To see suffering causes them pleasure, and to cause suffering is still more pleasure for them. Why do you [Mr. Deverall] support the propaganda of Anti-Christ? That sounds terrible, I know, but it *is* terrible to be in line with Goebbels. What does he care, if you dislike Hitler so long as you hate the British? If you do this, you will automatically undermine our strength, the only language these total warmongers understand, [and you place yourself] in line with those who helped Goebbels to wipe off the map all those [conquered] countries from Austria to France—and what next?

"In your article you show plainly that you are misinformed. You say Russia forced Germany to mobilize in 1914. It was just the opposite. But you don't know that Goebbels's machine has been on the job (under other names, run by Prussia) since 1866, when Bismarck created the so-called 'Reptilian Fund' [to subsidize newspaper propaganda] to poison the minds of the people and make them believe that the Prussians are the best friends of Germany: just as they want us to believe now that they are only liberating us from our worst enemy: England. A relative of mine, an editor in Germany, won his case in the Reichsgericht in Germany because even the Kaiser's history professor from Bonn University could not disprove his statement that Prussia had always been an enemy of Germany. In 1866 we should have declared war on Prussia to make the world safe for democracy. At the least, we should have put away that sort of pacifism after World War No. 1 which caused World War No. 2. Yes, French and British pacifism caused our present predicament, and your 'pacifism' would mean the end of America. . . . Lately I sent a clipping to Archbishop Schrembs of a quotation from Professor F. W. Foerster, warning England some twenty years ago that 'the bombs will fall on your heads as thick as hail.' Foerster always was right." (F. W. Foerster's book, *Europe and the German Question,* Sheed & Ward, was reviewed in this space a few weeks ago. A truly patriotic German, the author convincingly upholds the thesis of Prussian-German predominance of guilt in provoking the first World War, and the nazis' overwhelming guilt in the present war.)

Yes, as this German-American Catholic told Mr. Deverall, "Foerster was right, but people listened to writers like you [Mr. Deverall] until it was too late. Oh, how Goebbels would like to read your article, especially the last paragraph about the relatively harmless crackpots"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the German-American Bund. "And did you say Michael Williams? I don't know much about him, but when I went to Wanamaker's to see whether Foerster's book was on the market, I also saw THE COMMONWEAL and read the review of this book by Williams [October 18] and I thought, 'At least one fellow who is wide awake.' I hope for the Pax Britannica-Americana as the proper base for a holy Roman Empire, as was the pagan Roman empire at the first coming of Christ—and *so far* I have hoped for a Salazar-Franco-Pétain combination as a crystallization point for Christian social action. Perhaps that is why the Irish are trying to hold that middle line, but it may easily become a Maginot line if we are not wide-awake like Williams, and if we do not listen to Foerster."

This really great German patriot, who was imprisoned by Kaiser Wilhelm II for protesting against the poisoning of Germany's Christian soul by Prussian paganism; who returned after exile to Germany under the brief, false springtide of Germany's Republic, and who now, a venerable old man, is being hunted by nazidom's Gestapo, is desperately seeking sanctuary—in the free United States, if possible, but failing that secure refuge, is seeking a place anywhere on this nazi-tortured globe where he may continue his work against the worst enemies of the human race ever to be spawned from the dregs and the desperadoes of that race, the nazi world revolutionists. "What is the matter with Deverall," anxiously asks the German-American Catholic convert, who sent me his letter to Deverall, and who so truly represents the inmost convictions of millions of other Germans, and German-Americans. "Would he persecute Foerster, too?"

That is the question, Mr. Deverall; a question to be pondered by other American Catholic publicists and would-be leaders as well as by you. I do not accuse you, or your fellow-travelers along the devious paths of propaganda and papaganda traced with such insidious skill by Goebbels for his diabolical master Hitler, of being venal; but certainly I roundly accuse you of aiding them by promoting their falsehoods, and of using the same sort of unwarrantable weapons of controversy employed by the nazi propaganda masters, especially the weapons by which the public character of their opponents is traduced or assailed. Cardinal Newman termed the attempt of Charles Kingsley to brand him as one who was a liar by nature—in a controversy the very issue of which was whether or not Newman was or was not a teller of the truth—as "the poisoning of the wells" of controversy. If I, among many other more notable American Catholics, honestly believe and honestly proclaim a belief that American aid to Great Britain and her allies, against Hitler and his allies, is to help defend the United States against the certain danger threatening our nation from the progress of the nazi-led world revolution, why should you dare to accuse us of being "hyphenated Americans," and the tools of British propaganda? That we may be aiding British propaganda, on this particular issue, I for one would grant, and hope strongly to be true: but I do not say so for unpatriotic but for patriotic reasons, because in this British propaganda tells truth and nazi propaganda lies.

The Stage & Screen

Panama Hattie

THE DEMAND for seats for "Panama Hattie" is enormous, so against the suffrage of the people supported by the unanimous approval of the daily newspaper critics, my minority opinion will be of very feeble effect indeed. And it isn't given because I didn't like many things in the Cole Porter-Herbert Fields-B. G. De Sylva musical. Miss Ethel Merman is to my mind tops in her particular art—the art of putting over a topical song. Her beauty, her arrogance, her saw-toothed voice, her Queens dialect, her very toughness are all assets, and she combines them magnificently. Mr. Cole Porter's tunes are usually catchy, and often fascinating, and his sense of rhyme and assonance often delicious; and if "Panama Hattie" isn't Porter at his best, he has in it several very good moments. Arthur Treacher is the drollest English butler in existence, Betty Hutton's comic vitality is infectious and there is an eight-year-old miss, Joan Carroll, whose charm and unaffected assurance is a delight. Miss Carroll may well prove Shirley Temple's successor. Then there are a lot of pretty girls in the chorus attired in original and effective costumes designed by Raoul Pène DuBois, set up against Mr. DuBois's equally effective scenery. I liked all these. But I did not like the humor, which I found forced, nor the comedians, aside from Mr. Treacher, nor the suggestiveness, all of which were to me downright dull.

But, alas, I find most of the musicals which today crowd the Broadway houses dull. I make an honorable exception of those in which Mr. Wynn or Mr. Moore perform, at least during the moments they are performing. My confreres of the Critics' Circle are all intelligent men and most of them throw up their hats instead of grabbing for them. There is therefore probably something the matter with a man who is out of step with the rest of the platoon. But I'm going to give my opinion none the less. I find four out of five modern musicals lacking in wit, in humor, in originality—let alone in taste. Outside of a few songs and the skilful playing of many of the performers, I find little to amuse and less to stimulate. Yet with vital, original material, what could not such artists as Mr. Wynn, Mr. Moore, and Miss Merman accomplish! It is all very well to laugh at the librettos of the old operettas; they were pretty conventional stuff indeed. But at least the music had charm and beauty; and in their stories there was often fancy and poetic feeling. The average successful musical of today seems to be concocted—it is certainly not composed —for morons, or for people who, to rest their minds perhaps, prefer to become morons for the evening. The modern musical doesn't give the composer a chance for anything higher than the investiture in tone of a wise-crack. This is all very well as far as it goes, but that it should rarely go farther, or higher, than the mental horizon of café society is something to be considered. *(At the Forty-sixth Street Theatre.)*

GRENVILLE VERNON.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I Am Nobody. Who Are You?"

PRESTON STURGES has done it again! Last time, in "The Great McGinty," it was politics that was being laid low and satirized in an allegory which also said a few kindly things about human nature. And this time the arts of merchandising and advertising are on the pan in another modern fairy tale with a moral and a glad hand for the little guy. Our hero is just an ordinary clerk who loves and dreams and fights with his ordinary girl; he works in a large, ordinary office. But this unimportant nobody wins $25,000 in a slogan contest! Why, it's *"Christmas in July!"* And then the bubble bursts; the whole thing turns out to be a mistake. As in the last Sturges film, the little story isn't the main thing. It's Sturges's sparkling dialogue packed with laughs and understanding of people; it's his lampooning of business methods and foolishness in advertising. (The prize winning slogan is: "If you don't sleep at night, it isn't the coffee; it's the bunk.") Even more important is Sturges's superb direction of cinema actors who frequently just play along in films: Dick Powell is delightful as the boy; Ellen Drew is the girl; Ernest Truex, Raymond Walburn, William Demarest and a whole list of players do their bits so well you can't forget how perfect they are.

What the filming of *"Escape"* loses, through manipulation of Ethel Vance's thrilling story to suit the requirements of Hollywood's star system, it makes up for in the powerful visualization of the terrifying scenes of suspense. Mervyn LeRoy's direction, well paced to put over the book's hatred for the nazi system without using overworked heil hitlers, portrays the tense excitement of an escape from a concentration camp without overdoing the melodramtics which, although present, don't make the story too fantastic. Nazimova as Emmy Ritter and Conrad Veidt as the General take top honors—in spite of the fact that the Nazimova scenes have been cut to a minimum. However, the entire cast work well together to make a stirring film: Norma Shearer, Robert Taylor, Felix Bressart, and an interesting newcomer, Philip Dorn, who does some fine cinema acting as Dr. Ditten. The build-up of horrors accented by hushed whispers and guarded speeches of frightened Germans, plus the nerve-racking, shadowy scenes of Nazimova in a coffin will leave you in a state of panic.

With surprising simplicity, considering its involved court background and intrigue, *"Mayerling to Sarajevo"* (French with English titles) tells the story of Archduke Francis Ferdinand and Countess Sophie Chotek from their first meeting, through their secret courtship, humiliating morganatic marriage, their happiness together in spite of frequent separations, up until their assassination in 1914 at Sarajevo. Max Ophul's direction emphasizes the melancholy beauty of the romance and its theme of *noblesse oblige*. Although the film moves too slowly, its lovely costumes, sets, excellent lighting and sincere acting never fail to hold one's interest as John Lodge, as the unhappy, frustrated prince whose democratic ideas might one day have resulted in a United State of Austria, and Edwige Feuillère, as his devoted wife, bring the ill-fated pair to life with touching poignancy. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

More Chicago Irish

Father and Son. James T. Farrell. Vanguard Press. $2.75.

"STUDS LONIGAN," the trilogy on which Mr. Farrell's fame chiefly rests, may some day be regarded as a mere preface to the history and opinions of Danny O'Neill of which "Father and Son" forms volume 3. In "Father and Son" young O'Neill is followed from parochial school to graduation from a Catholic high school. His father's declining days and death are also set forth in great detail, but neither father nor son proves significant in the other's life. Except for one brutal and revolting moment when the father, in anger, violates the spirit of his son it may be said that their lives wholly fail to intersect. The barrier between them is not of the father's doing nor can it be laid to any self-constructed fault in the son. Danny O'Neill has developed still further that trait of detachment, more and more there functions in him that *arrière pensée* which causes his companions to dub him a "goof," Chicago argot of 1919 for marginal man. Born to a particular culture the life of a goof fails to flow readily in established channels. The prevailing system of assumptions which, if he would be happy, should sustain and dominate him are on the contrary habitually challenged first through the exercise of blind instinct, later, in manhood, in terms of some explicit apparatus of criticism. During the adolescent period his developing faculty of criticism alienates a goof from every form of profound personal attachment and indeed prohibits him from sinking himself wholly in any objective value. A goof like Danny O'Neill given his environment will almost inevitably experiment with drink, sex, and even with ideas. Through them he hopes dimly to find a handle with which to grasp something permanently capable of evoking his powers of devotion. In this respect a goof follows the path of Studs Lonigan. Unlike Studs however he must eventually grow reconciled to frustration long before undergoing that lessening of physical force which for the non-goof like Studs translates itself into multiform anxieties which, in the end, are assimilated to a gnawing and omnipotent fear of death.

Farrell's characters are prisoners. Their lives work out into terrors and depravities which go along with spiritually impoverished and unrescued forms of existence. These people are Catholics of a sort but they are Catholics in the same way that they are Americans or businessmen—they remain half-formed, permanently adolescent and bigoted. They are romanticists, estranged from the reality of principles which have growth and consistency. Their most "realistic" search for gratification of their voracious appetites is romanticism tinged by despair.

Aristotle somewhere said that when he employed a term like "horse" he wished it understood as meaning a developed, mature horse sound of wind and limb. If we should use the word "Catholic" with a similar reservation we would mean a person whose attitude in the words of Von Hildebrand is "specifically soaring, specifically anti-pedantic, anti-self-complacent, open-minded, filled with respect for reality. The Catholic conception of the world is such that anyone who fixes his glance upon it and surrenders himself to it must necessarily possess this soaring, this yearning, open and reverent mind." So

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

understood the word Catholic has little application to the inmates of Farrell's museum of horrors.

Why have not these people been rescued from their dark underworld of ignorance, sluttishness, materialism, profanity and unrestrained sexuality? What has the Church done for them? Is there something profoundly and tragically wrong?

Mr. Farrell is obviously working up to a book which will complete his entire labor and will furnish the moral of this long fable. When that book is written it may prove one of the most important critiques in modern times on the situation of the Catholic Church in America. It is easy to foresee that it will be an essay in destructive criticism. This has been foreshadowed by Mr. Farrell's portrayal of Danny O'Neill as of the year 1929. I refer to the passage appearing at pages 369-372 in the "Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan." It is to be hoped that the criticism will however not be limited to its destructive dimension. Mr. Farrell can do the urban church a permanent service in his forthcoming critical study if he will attempt to give not only a clue to the sources of past mistakes but a positive program—if any there be—which promises better results—results commensurate with man's potentialities for dignity, virtue and inner peace.

One thing more. The present book cannot be reviewed without asserting bluntly that it is unfit for the hands of the immature. I am willing to say that there is not a pornographic sentence or intention in the whole of Mr. Farrell's work. But it is necessary also to stress that he does depict scenes of unparalleled debauchery. They are faithful to fact. But they are horrifying to anyone of sensibility and they have, I think, a tendency to contaminate anyone not called by the chances of his life directly to encounter this painfully starved, low and debauched kind of life. It may be that for his purposes up to the present volume it was not permissible for Mr. Farrell to cleanse his story of episodes like that of Dora's party which appears in "Father and Son." But it seems to me that the culminating volume of this tale which should give permanent meaning to all that has gone before would be marred should it include scenes of this description. I am hopeful also that that future story will be conceived without bitterness for I am convinced that Mr. Farrell's powers of observation and capacity for intelligent criticism have no match among contemporary writers. JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

BIOGRAPHY

"I Built a Temple for Peace"—The Life of Eduard Benes. Edward B. Hitchcock. Harper. $3.50.

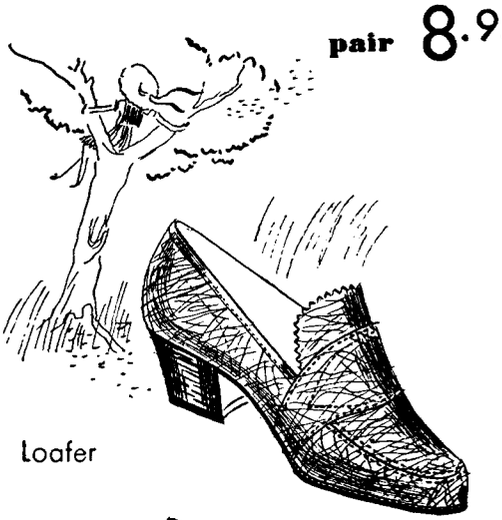
MR. HITCHCOCK'S BENES is quite the proverbial boy who made good. The peasant's son becomes the abstemious student, the shrewd young traveler and political scientist, and the dogged Czech patriot. Having taken a leading part in the diplomatic activities which led to the establishment of a free Czechoslovakia, he becomes the embattled statesman of Prague and the man before and behind the scenes at Geneva. As a portrait, this biography is fresh and realistic. It shows a man who blends a curious lack of insight into the fundamental sources of human action with a very adroit and honest appreciation of such social forces as he does understand. But the book will help no one who wishes to know what either Czechoslovakia or the League of Nations really were. It is only fair to add that Mr. Hitchcock himself is under no illusions on this point. GEORGE N. SCHUSTER.

B. ALTMAN & CO.

Nettleton pigskin casuals

for town and country

pair 8.95



Loafer

Lazy Lacer

shoes you'll find only at Altman. Introduced by us a short time ago, they've now become so popular that customers buy them pair after pair in different colors and leathers.

Altman shoes . . . second floor

Fifth Avenue at 34th Street Telephone MU. 9-7000
Also at our East Orange and White Plains Shops

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION

Count Ten. Hans Otto Storm. Longmans. $2.50.

"SHE knew the nickname for Rembrandt—she kept her neck shaved, the heels of her shoes fixed up and was not a virgin." This is Elsie, a casual in the biography of Eric Marsden. Booted out into the sky with his parachute by his father when a buzzard got mixed up in their plane's propeller, Eric lands in Chapter I to start out on a singularly messy life pattern which include a closeup of a federal jail for his conscientious objections; an affair with Elsie; a labor riot; life as a carpenter with a native woman in a small Mexican town and as a member of the crew of Langdon Sears's yacht. Sears, a Boston Brahmin, is the best character: a misanthropic romantic *á la Conrad,* who combs remote ports for mining interests and rides the high seas of tropical storms for the fun of it. How exact Mr. Storms's nautical knowledge may be I cannot estimate, but I can hope it more accurate than his physical geography, as for instance Acapulco, where Eric and Sears travel back country two hours by rail, when the veriest tyro tourist in Mexico knows there is no railhead near the port of the state of Guerrero. On Sears's death, Eric samples capitalistic business for himself, but in the end, with a legal wedded wife, backs radical reform with a "Townsend" candidate for Governor of California. "Count Ten" is that modern perversion of an adventure story with two parts analytic introspection to one part obscurity and dirt, warming up to such gusty moments as an active case of seasickness. Unkempt and straggling, it is straight, stubble-beard fiction.

E. V. R. WYATT.

Dutch Interior. Frank O'Connor. Knopf. $2.50.

FRANK O'CONNOR is a gifted and highly sensitive writer who appears to be quite unresolved in his opinions about the potentialities, the frailties, and the destiny of man. His story of middle-class life in a small Irish city is written beautifully and remains pessimistic and depressing.

At the beginning of *Dutch Interior,* childhood scenes from the lives of the main characters are pictured in a brief and quiet but very revealing manner. At the end of the book these characters have reached middle age. They are unhappy, disappointed, lonely, and, in terms of personal satisfaction, all unsuccessful. One of them, Gus, had gone to America and returned because "all the years I was away, I've thought day and night of this place and my own people; thinking and planning to get home. . . ." Later there is this phrase which shows his own disappointment and indicates what the author seems to say in the whole story: "What's happened to this place, Peter? It's rotten: you know that yourself; rotten from end to end. All this drinking and talking and joking, it's all idleness, despair, putrefaction. The bloody Irish! I feel I can't stand any more of it!"

Peter, the brother who stayed at home, escapes despair by reading. "I can read history endlessly, I don't know any short cut to the grave as satisfying as history." And again: "Try reading Jane (Austen), mister. She's grand and consoling and there isn't a line in her that'd remind you of anything at all." Another principal character finds his unsatisfactory escape in a long-lasting affair with a woman who is unhappily married. The doctor in the story is a defeatist, the chemist a fanatic, the schoolmaster conceited and supercilious, and the curate an affectionate and kind man but not much concerned with the spiritual. All of the old people in the book are bitter, annoying, and mean. A sorry picture indeed of life in Ireland today.

RUTH BYRNS.

HISTORY

The Medieval Papacy In Action. Marshall W. Baldwin. Macmillan. $1.00.

CATHOLIC teachers and students have long felt the need of a series of books that would deal accurately, briefly, and in simple language with controverted and important points in the history of Christendom. Advanced study clubs have needed something shorter than a textbook but bigger and better than a pamphlet can be. Catholic students in non-Catholic colleges, who must of course use the prescribed textbooks, have wanted really scholarly works that would supplement and correct their texts without running to great length. Such books must be inexpensive if the special groups for whom they are intended are to be able to buy them. The Confraternity of Christian Doctrine has undertaken, with the coöperation of the Macmillan Company, to meet this need with the Christendom Series. The names of the Editorial Committee guarantee that the series will fulfill its purpose for they combine sound scholarship with an unusual knowledge of the student's needs.

The international anarchy and strife that have caused such damage in Europe in the last quarter of a century have turned men's minds to the search for some principle of union, and to a closer study of previous periods of unrest and social decay in the West. The struggle with the new barbarian has increased our interest in the men and institutions that tamed his predecessors, and has given us a greater understanding of their problem and a greater respect for their achievements. The excesses to which unrestricted national sovereignty has led have altered long-standing views of the medieval papacy and Professor Baldwin's book has made a most timely appearance.

Unfortunately, most studies of the papacy in the period to which Dr. Baldwin has limited himself, 1049-1254, have concentrated on the titanic struggle with the Empire to the exclusion of the purely ecclesiastical policy of the Holy See. It is this ecclesiastical policy that the author has chosen for discussion, and, as his title suggests, it is the practical working out of this policy that is his chief concern. He stresses a point, too often forgotten, that the complicated structure of the Roman Curia grew out of the necessity of meeting practical problems, and that organization was not valued for its own sake. The fundamental aim of the Holy See was to make Europe a thoroughly Christian society, and this necessitated permeating all human activities with Christian principles. The pursuit of this objective led the Curia to concentrate its energies on the preservation and spread of the faith, the liturgy, ecclesiastical discipline, the defense of Christendom, and the Byzantine schism. It is clear that such a program offered almost endless room for disagreement on practical matters, and that only a large and well organized bureaucracy could hope to regulate so many fields of endeavor at once. The temporal policy of the Holy See was a means to an end and cannot be understood properly unless it is viewed in connection with the ecclesiastical policy it was meant to serve.

So high an ideal was never fully realized, as Dr. Baldwin points out, but he places the measure of failure in proper perspective. Those who seek perfection in the handling of human affairs, especially by others, will con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

centrate entirely on the failures. Those who have more sense will marvel that so much was achieved in the face of strong opposition from within and without the fold, and will face the difficulties of the present hour with greater confidence. Dr. Baldwin has written an excellent little book, and has appended a bibliographical note and abstract for study and review that add to its appeal to students.

FLORENCE D. COHALAN.

The President Makers. Matthew Josephson. Harcourt. $3.75.

OUR POST-CIVIL-WAR political history Mr. Josephson has staked out as peculiarly his own. In this, his third book, which surely is misnamed, he writes of the generation between 1896 and 1919, when "the central events and issues assumed political form." Since he has already studied the Robber Barons and the Politicos it is not strange that he should find this an age of enlightenment.

The Civil War cut like a gash across America, and the most obvious result was the triumph of finance capitalism. The Politicos reveled in the corruption of the gilded age, while they mouthed ideals to which they did not, actually, subscribe. The good and the well-born ostensibly avoided politics as though it were a plague. Like a new girdle, their consciences had a two-way stretch. For they financed the campaigns of both parties. Government was our conspicuous disgrace. America, in the words of William James, had "puked up its ancient soul."

But Mr. Josephson finds that as we came into the new century there was a growing interest of the scholars in politics. To some extent this new interest reflected a naïve belief that good men would make politics clean. It was yet to be rediscovered that politics has an economic base. E. L. Godkin wrote, as early as 1894, that American politics was becoming more and more a controversy between rich and poor. And young Teddy Roosevelt was shocked to discover such "savage hatred of the unprosperous for the prosperous." It was this, of course, that accounted for the rise of the Socialist Party. Realistically, however, Mr. Josephson remarks that "politically speaking joining the Socialist party was like entering a monastery."

Mr. Josephson covers the same period treated by John Chamberlain in "Farewell to Reform." But he is concerned exclusively with political history. There is nowhere the sharp, ironic analyses given us by Chamberlain. It is, nonetheless, a masterly study of floundering and hopeful democracy. Lodge and Hay were scholars but they hardly made contributions to liberalism. For all his bluster the first Roosevelt was timid, if sincere, and Mr. Josephson is kinder in his estimate, I think, than the evidence warrants. The insurgent movement was sincere and deserves the careful study here given it, but it was as romantic as it was tragic.

Such a book as this ought to be part of our political equipment. Yet Mr. Josephson has a thesis to which I must dissent. He maintains that liberal reform went down early in Wilson's first administration, "when he elected to work with the party as it stood." This thesis ignores the realities of politics. It is difficult to see how Wilson could have pressed through as much reform as he did unless he learned so rapidly the limits as set by party. I do not think, either, that one of the *"causes"* of our war with Germany was a "growing conviction that the program of domestic reform . . . encountered ever narrowing

THEATRE FOR TOMORROW
Three Plays for Individualists

DAMIEN *by Emmet Lavery and Grace Murphy*
SAVONAROLA *by Urban Nagle*
CAMPION *by Richard Breen and Harry Schnibbe*

To bring the place of these three new plays in the theatre of the spirit more clearly into focus, there have been included in the volume an outline of the Catholic tradition in drama and a selected list of plays prepared by *Emmet Lavery*. 397 pages. $3.00

LIFE AND WORK OF PRINCE DEMETRIUS AUGUSTINE GALLITZIN

By Peter Henry Lemcke. Written in salty, rambling, picturesque style, this contemporary biography draws a vital portrait of the Russian aristocrat who came to be known as the "Apostle of the Alleghenies" and was one of the most fascinating and romantic characters in our pioneering history. The descriptions of conditions —religious, social and educational—give incomparable pictures of life in America a century ago. *November choice of the Catholic Book Club.* Illustrated. 320 pages. $2.50

AN IRISH JOURNEY

By Sean O'Faolain. "Alive with the life of Ireland." —*Saturday Review of Literature.* "The farther you go with O'Faolain, the richer his company becomes."—*Herald Tribune Books.* "The peopled landscape of Ireland, from Ballycastle to Cape Clear, set down in beautiful, compact, reflective prose."—*New Yorker.* Illustrated by *Paul Henry.* 288 pages. $3.50

THE TREMAYNES AND THE MASTERFUL MONK

By Owen Francis Dudley. The author of *The Masterful Monk, Pageant of Life,* etc., gives us his most penetrating psychological novel to date. A number of human and appealing figures, a touching love story and fast-moving plot make fascinating reading. 333 pages. $2.00

On sale at your local Catholic bookstore

For complete Catholic catalog write:

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.
55 Fifth Ave., New York • 215 Victoria St., Toronto

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

limits." Professor Swain has established a somewhat similar thesis respecting Europe's entrance into the World War. But this is the first time I have seen it applied to the United States. One reason I cannot accept it is that Mr. Josephson does nothing to document this arresting position. And it seems to me that he has simply gone off the deep end when he writes that this conviction was "one of the most decisive forces that swayed the judgment of the President." For this I know no evidence whatever. It is too simple—undocumented as it is—far too convenient a rationalization of Wilson's complex and elusive mind. FRANCIS DOWNING.

Today and Destiny. Excerpts from the "Decline of the West" of Oswald Spengler. Arranged by Edwin Franden Dakin. Knopf. $2.75.

BECAUSE the rapid rhythm of modern life allows little time for careful study, Mr. Dakin has eliminated some 85 percent of the original text and organized the remainder so as to present Spengler's thesis in a compact, readable form. Not only does he appear to have performed this task admirably, but his own contributions, an introduction and a biography of Spengler, together with a clever journalistic interpretation of the present situation, are extremely interesting.

The author-editor claims that Spengler's pessimism has been greatly exaggerated, for his work was by no means a product of Germany's defeat in 1918. In fact the first draft of the first volume was completed before the war began. Neither *decline* nor *untergang* adequately expressed his idea of a sinking of Western culture into the winter of civilization, a period of world empire from which the creative soul of culture had departed. Unfortunately, according to Spengler's own theory, the transition from Napoleonism to Caesarism must occupy at least two centuries, and the second, into which we are now entering, will be characterized by devastating world wars. Moreover all civilizations must reach a stage of appalling depopulation which will last for centuries.

The reader may be interested to learn that Thurman Arnold's "The Folklore of Capitalism" stems directly from P. D. Ouspensky's "Tertium Organum," a work on science, which, like "The Decline of the West," dispensed with the principle of causality. Hence when Arnold was appointed Attorney General, Washington experienced the actual working of a philosophy which released man's energies to do the illogical. Mr. Dakin also believes that, after the suicide of capitalism a decade ago, money surrendered its power to politics. This explains why one of Mr. Roosevelt's most capable opponents has entered the political arena in order more effectively to wage the struggle for power. Ideas no longer have any significance except that occasionally they might provide handy weapons.

Other features of Mr. Dakin's contribution are less admirable. He contemptuously refers to the criticism of specialists and claims that Spengler has never received a "completely adequate criticism." He does not appear to be familiar with the devastating essay which R. G. Collingwood contributed to *Antiquity*, or the few remarks found in Dawson's "Progress and Religion." The fact that many of Spengler's predictions are now coming true does not prove the validity of his cultural morphology, but merely that he was an extraordinary thinker who grasped the transitory nature and vital defects of nineteenth century liberalism.

Mr. Dakin very naïvely has adopted one of Dr. Pearl's population graphs to trace the progress of culture on Spengler's chart of "contemporary" epochs in four cultures. Virtually no progress and no culture is attributed to the "pre-cultural" Thinite (Egyptian) and Shang (Chinese) periods. Such absurdities are contradicted by the archeological discoveries of the past twenty years in China, India and the Near East, which are especially significant because Spengler claimed that unknown cultural epochs and even entire cultures of the past could be reconstructed by his paleontological method. Again, Spengler quotes "The Admonitions of an Egyptian Sage" to portray the megalopolitan revolution of the hyksos period. Unfortunately egyptologists say that "Ipuwer's Admonitions" describe the anarchy of a period preceding the middle kingdom centuries before the hyksos. This is of little importance in itself, except that it completely upsets the morphological development of Egyptian culture.

Since readers of THE COMMONWEAL, are undoubtedly familiar with Dawson's work, I might add that I believe Dawson failed to understand Spengler's conception of Race. THEODORE M. AVERY, JR.

WAR

Whither Europe? Arnold Lunn. Sheed and Ward. $3.00.

TODAY HISTORY is written at record-breaking and heartbreaking speed. This results in a difficulty which has not been solved by the books analyzing "contemporary" problems, and is demonstrated in "Whither Europe?" Although the work was completed on March 8, 1940, many of its pages seem as "ancient" as yesterday's newspaper. The author gives, for instance, considerable space to his hope that Italy will keep out of war. "During the summer of 1939 my conviction that Italy would remain neutral was fortified by all that I heard and saw," he relates. He is unfortunate too in his interpretation of motives. "Mussolini intervened in Spain to prevent the Mediterranean being turned into a Bolshevik lake. His motives were realistic and idealistic, for there is no necessary inconsistency between realism and idealism," he explains. It is true that Lunn is a capable journalist whose rambling account of Europe occasionally penetrates Europe's problems. But his approach is not novel and suffers from comparison with other practitioners of this trade. The reviewer cannot but feel that D. Reed's "Insanity Fair" (1938) has set a standard hardly reached by Lunn. JOSEPH S. ROUCEK.

BRIEFERS

Transit U. S. A. W. L. River. Stokes. $2.50.

A RATHER tough yet moving story of a young transient and the doors that are closed to him in various parts of the country. His companions are practically all lowlifes, men and women. An effective plea for the abandoned man of the road.

Harlem-Negro Metropolis. Claude McKay. Dutton. $3.00.

MR. McKAY, a good story-teller, strives to paint a picture of Harlem in a manner that will satisfy all readers who are not Communists, and catch the fancy of the whole tribe of folk who view Harlem as a social freak. It is too big an order. The flamboyant, rather silly cover done in top hats and red ink sets the reader for racy, night-club, honky-tonk stuff only to serve him Communist double-crossings, the sordid side of segrega-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, Father Divine, Harlem Hospital, and some clumsy press-agenting for McKay's newly-made friends, most of them just thrown out of the Russian-controlled party.

Law as Logic & Experience. Max Radin. Yale. $2.00.

TAKING as text the Holmesian observation, "The life of the law has not been logic; it has been experience," Dr. Radin examines the essence of law and the place of the lawyer in the social and political life of the community. These witty, urbane and scholarly lectures originally were delivered at Yale.

The Inner Forum

CORINTH had a very bad name in antiquity. To "corinthiate" was a term for all kinds of debauchery at the time of Paul the Apostle. And yet his letters to the small Christian community in that second city of Greece are not only sublime, but show us that Corinth, far more than respectable Athens, which treated Paul so superciliously, was ready to receive the Lord.

Chicago has been in evil odor all over the world as the city of gangsters, bloody attacks on striking workers, police violence and, worst of all, as the city of unsavory political machines, like the Kelly-Nash. A fine setting, indeed, for what I think was the greatest event in the history of American Catholicism. A thousand humble layfolk, nuns, youngsters and old people, priests, monks, abbots and a sprinkling of several degrees of purple sat for more than three days, six hours each day, drinking from the lips of speakers and discussion talkers every single word with a thirst reminding us of the crowds of Galilee. You should have seen those same people in Father Laukemper's church, singing, praying and walking in solemn Offertory and Communion processions! The first national "Liturgical Week," October 21 to 25, at Holy Name Cathedral of Chicago, was the greatest possible success. We who were there and all American Catholics should thank the Archbishop for his patronage and blessing. Where the bishops are, there is the Church. One who has attended numberless conventions, retreats and congresses in at least a dozen countries of both hemispheres had the same judgment as the college girl who got up in one of the discussions to say that she was too deeply moved to make any contribution, but that she wanted to say that this was the greatest religious experience she had ever had.

Somebody said that the speakers represented the élite of the country. Somebody else remarked that absence of showmanship, pomp and the usual fuss was the greatest thing about it. Others sought for an explanation in the fact that every single paper and all discussion talks were on a continuous high level unusual for such a long and strenuous affair. The experienced thought it quite natural because the reconstruction of the "living parish" (the theme of the week) was in itself such a sublime thing that it would have been hard to sink below the level in fact attained.

Never have we heard less phrases, less verbalizing. And never have I heard the name of Christ and His Church pronounced with more love, concern and sincerity. When the veteran of the American liturgical movement,

ORATE FRATRES

("Pray Brethren")

¶ A Liturgical Review founded in response to the aim of Pope Pius X "to restore all things in Christ;" for in these days the world is "falling away from and forsaking God."

¶ In a straightforward manner it endeavors to counteract the ever-widening breach between Christ's teaching and world aims, by inculcating an active and intelligent participation in the Church's official worship.

¶ It seeks to unlock the meaning of and the means inherent in the liturgy of the Church so as to help Christians build their lives upon the foundation of the living Catholic religion.

¶ Published twelve times a year. Forty-eight pages each issue. In the United States, $2 per year; in Canada, $2.25; abroad, $2.50.

For the further interested, we have inexpensive Pamphlets and Booklets on the Mass, the Sacraments, the Divine Office, Gregorian Chant, the Social Question. Study Club Outlines Beuron and Maria Laach Pictures

Send for Descriptive Leaflets to

THE LITURGICAL PRESS

St. John's Abbey Collegeville, Minnesota

MADONNA HOUSE BENEFIT SHOP

Proceeds for the poor of the Lower East Side.

Queensboro Bridge Market

59th St. & First Ave. ELdorado 5-4794

WE NEED:

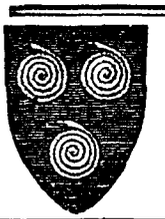
Clothing Furniture House Furnishings

We will call for anything you will give. Contributions of money will greatly help our work here among God's poor.

MADONNA HOUSE

169-175 Cherry Street New York City

St. Hilda Guild, Inc.



Church Vestments, Altar Linen
Ecclesiastical Embroidery

Conferences with reference to the adornment of churches

147 EAST 47th ST. • NEW YORK

Old Embroidery Transferred

ELdorado 5-1058

BETHANY HOUSE

(Conducted for Women by the Maryknoll Sisters)

DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED AMONG THE WESTCHESTER HILLS

Spacious Grounds—Modern Structure—Excellent Table and Service

Comfort and Refinement—Chapel—Daily Mass

Sr. Director, BETHANY HOUSE, Ossining, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

Tel. No. Ossining 1452

REASONABLE RATES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT WOULD YOU TAKE FOR YOUR EYES?

We prize our sight beyond any earthly treasure. Let us aid the poor sufferers in the Missions to save their sight.

Several donations have been received by the Catholic Medical Mission Board to pay for complete sets of operating instruments for the eyes. Sometimes the donors declare that these are thank offerings for cures received of their own eyes, or improvements in their condition. A number more of these indispensable aids to the eye surgeons in the missions remain to be paid for. Besides, the Catholic Medical Mission Board with its constant communication with missionaries can tell where to place these instruments to the best advantage. If you cannot send the full amount of $60.00 send what you can as a payment for one of these kits, and remember the constant appeals of the missions for aspirin, quinine and other remedies. Because of the quantities purchased and the special purchase prices obtained, the Catholic Medical Mission Board can secure far more of these remedies for a given sum of money than you could yourself. Address all donations to the Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J., President of the Catholic Medical Mission Board, 8 and 10 West 17th Street, New York, N. Y., and specify for what purpose you desire the donation to be used.

MUSIC SCHOOL

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC

Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart

133rd St. & Convent Ave., New York, N. Y.

Courses offered: Gregorian Chant—Gregorian Accompaniment—Liturgical Singing—Polyphony—Choral Singing—Conducting—School Music, Tone and Rhythm Series—Methods—Class in Liturgical Services — and other branches of music. Organ — Piano — Violin — Voice.

A Four Year Course leading to the Degree of Bachelor of Music is also offered.

For further information address secretary.

COLLEGE—WOMEN

MARYMOUNT COLLEGE

Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York

Conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary Accredited. Resident and non-resident. Confers B.A., B.S. Degrees. Special two-year course. Music, Art, Pedagogy, Journalism, Household Arts, Dramatics, Secretarial, Pre-Medical. Athletics.

Extensions: 1027 Fifth Ave., New York City
Paris, France **Rome, Italy**

Address Secretary

MARYMOUNT PREPARATORY SCHOOLS
Wilson Park, Tarrytown, New York
Fifth Ave. & 84th Street, New York City
Address Rev. Mother

Father William Busch of St. Paul, refuted the objection that the liturgical movement, "the living parish," as the speakers saw it, "was too lofty, too ideal and therefore impossible," with his caustic remark: "It is not impossible; it is inevitable," the applause of priest, layfolk and religious was tremendous. I have always looked on Father Lonergan's parish in Clairton, Pa., as the one liturgical parish. But now I know that there are at least two more: Fairfield, Maine and St. Aloysius in Chicago and their two pastors Father Winnen and Father Laukemper have proved to their country that Catholicism is after all a spiritual thing not only for a few nuns but for the whole people of God.

Non-Catholics often think of the Church as an organization, a power, a moral institution, something venerable which lasted through the ages, nobody knows why, because Catholics themselves and their practices look so terrifically disappointing. Politics, opportunism, formlessness and a fossil ritualism seem to be all that is visible. I wish all these people had been there to witness that there is really only one concern in Catholic hearts: the living Christ and the redemption of our present day world through His Body, the Church. Whenever the multiple collection basket, bingo and similar marks of "streamline" Catholicism were mentioned, there was a reaction of understanding gained from true proportions, which went into an uproar of fun, when our latest mechanical achievement, the "spiritual first aid kit," came up.

All the veterans were there: Father Busch, Father Ellard, S.J., Monsignor Hellriegel, the Abbot and the monks of St. John's Abbey and their allied abbeys and abbots from all over the country. California, Maine, Washington and Alabama had sent their representatives. Father Riggs and Maurice Lavanoux hit the nail on the head in their talks on art in our churches, the latter one recommending a thirty days retreat, not hell and brimstone, for those who are responsible for those commercial horrors in our churches which mislead the imagination of our simple faithful. But all that was not the important thing: the important thing is that the American Church has found herself in Christ and that she is not what her enemies say, a clerical racket, but a love, a deep concern and a redemptive joy of her humble people. Father Virgil Michel's spirit must have rejoiced in heaven when he saw at last that his dreams have been surpassed by reality in Chicago, Illinois, the most representative city of a country which the national propagandists of certain other countries regard as a corrupt, dying and depraved democracy.

H. A. REINHOLD.

CONTRIBUTORS

Charles G. FENWICK, professor of political science at Bryn Mawr, is serving on an Inter-American Neutrality Commission in Rio de Janeiro.
Frank RAHILL is a Philadelphia newspaper man.
Tomis HAUSER is an alien who had to register.
James N. VAUGHAN is secretary to Mr. Surrogate Delehanty of New York.
George N. SHUSTER is president of Hunter College, New York.
E. V. R. WYATT is the dramatic critic of the *Catholic World*.
Ruth BYRNS teaches in the school of education of Fordham University.
Rev. Florence D. COHALAN is a priest of the New York archdiocese stationed in Staten Island.
Francis DOWNING teaches history in the graduate school of Fordham University.
Theodore M. AVERY, Jr., is a student of anthropology and ethnology.
Joseph S. ROUCEK teaches at Hofstra College, Hempstead, N. Y.
Rev. H. A. REINHOLD has just completed a trip east from his headquarters in Seattle.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED